

PICTURESQUE PHASES OF THE DOOLEY-HARRIS FEUD.

"FORT DOOLEY," NEAR DOE RUN, IS GUARDED AS THOUGH IT WERE A FRONTIER MILITARY STATION, AND LEADERS OF HARRIS FACTION MAKE HEADQUARTERS IN THE FLAT RIVER VALLEY NEAR ELVINS.



SOME OF THE HARRISES AT HOME.

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

Doe Run, July 17.—When one gets within twenty-five miles of Doe Run, which is lost in the hills about seventy-five miles south of St. Louis, vague tales of a certain Bill Dooley are freely circulated. From surface indications alone, one cannot but think that his nerve is superior to that of Harry Tracey of Oregon.

This is the kind of man associates say Bill is: Small, about 5 feet 4 inches, leathery complexion, smooth face, thin lips, eyes black and always dancing, a sort of petrified smile on the face, but never a laugh. His clothes, they say, are rather shabby for a mountaineer farmer's—that is he wears a necktie occasionally, and hat and shoes always. Continually he has a cartridge belt strapped around him, a holster, and in the holster a 44-caliber Smith & Wesson.

They say also that Bill has no hesitancy about using his pistol on man or beast. And the way he uses it! "I tell you what I seen Bill do," said one of my informants. "He was ridin' along on his pony, and a rabbit started up in front of him. He jerks out his gun, he do, and he plugs that ere rabbit right through his head just that a way." (Illustrating by placing both forefingers to the temples.)

"I hear Bill has a funny way of practicing," spoke up another. "What's that?" "Well, you know he gun-falls rides, and as he goes along he swears he'll kill every jaybird he sees. So when he sees one fly across the road he bangs at it on the wing, and, by gum, he kills nearly every time. If he don't, he follows that jay till he gets him, he's that relentless. I tell you Bill's a bod up with his gun."

How Harris Was Shot.
In Doe Run, where one can get a little more than surface indications, Bill maintains his reputation with reasonable bounds. Certain it is that when he killed Bill Harris of the Harris family—which, it is said, the Dooleys have threatened to exterminate—he shot three times and all three bullets entered behind the left ear and a half-dollar would cover the marks made by the three.

At close quarters and practically at first hand one learns that Bill Dooley is truly a dangerous man in a fight. They say that when the bullets begin to whistle, his smile becomes the more apparent, that he never seems excited, that he manipulates the Smith & Wesson just as if jay birds were the target. At present there are a couple of warrants out for him on the score of the last killing. Two men, the sheriff and a deputy, have the warrants, but no arrest has been made. I asked in this connection, if Bill's precise whereabouts were known. "He's a rangin' round the bush," I was told. "He'll give himself up when he gets

good and ready, but he don't want no Sheriff Dooley's round with him."

The Harrises and Dooleys have been at loggerheads down in St. Francis County for several years. It is difficult to discover just how the feud began. A girl is said to have figured. Also, Harris's dogs killed Dooley's sheep, and the Dooleys killed the dogs, whereat the Harrises took to retaliating on the sheep. Lee Dooley married the girl in the end, separated temporarily, and Frank Harris paid her attention. This was thought to have increased the Dooleys' but Lee Dooley is credited with saying that Frank could have his wife, but that no man could kill his sheep.

They at one time lived on adjacent farms. Late of a winter night in 1899 the older Dooley heard noises in his corn crib. He went out, saw a man, and promptly discharged both barrels of a shotgun. The older Harris died two days later. No connection has ever been proven, but the Harris boys after that, it is said, were on the warpath.

The situation was at boiling point in the summer of 1900. A fist fight took place in July of that year. Jim Harris met Bill Dooley, who was then 38, and not the terror which he is now. The former was the larger of the two, and pounded Dooley up pretty badly.

Battle at Picnic.
On August 4, "Grand picnic" was planned at Doe Run. It was largely advertised throughout the neighboring country. Everybody was going, and, of course, the Dooleys and the Harrises. It is now currently believed that a challenge to "have it out" had passed from the Harrises to the Dooleys, though the former claim that they meant a trial by fists and not by pistols and Winchester. But the Dooleys had unlimited faith in powder and shot, and went ready for business. Each had his pistol, and Lee had a Winchester stowed away under straw in the bottom of the wagon. There is considerable variance in the statements of witnesses as to how the battle was precipitated. Frank Harris was in a swing with Lee Dooley's wife, which may have irritated the husband, despite his denial. Then Wes Harris, according to one story, passed near the head of the Dooley family. William Dooley, who was talking to a cousin. The latter is credited with saying:

"Been fox hunting lately, Wes?"
"Too dry to run the dogs, but I tell ye I kin run foxes with anybody."
"I'm a pretty good fox hunter myself," spoke up old man Dooley.
"Don't see as that makes a — bit of difference to me," said Wes.
Burned Dooley's swarthy cheek like fire, say the chroniclers in the St. Francis region.

At any rate, whether begun by a fox-hunting jockey or not, pistols were drawn, and a bloody fight was fought. Harris had a peculiar way of shooting. Gripping the butt of his revolver with both hands, he held the weapon straight in front of him on a level with his chest. The first man to fall was William Dooley, father of the Dooley boys, and as he sank to the ground one of the sons cried out:

"It will take every Harris to pay for father!"

Wes Harris, whether he may be said to have been the cause, who ever there was in connection with the feud is a matter in regard to which both Harrises and Dooleys have remained silent. The next open demonstration was the recent shooting of Bill Harris by the redoubtable Bill Dooley on a Mississippi River and Boone Terre train near Doe Run. This was a mere killing, and did not reach the dignity of a fight. Accounts of it differ. Some say that Dooley did give Harris a chance for his life, while others say that Harris reached for his pistol, but Dooley "beat him to it." A day after Bill Harris's death came the report that Frank Harris had shot Bill Dooley out in the hills near Loughboro, which is a few miles from Doe Run.

Visit to Fort Dooley.
When I arrived in Doe Run I was assured that Bill Dooley was in the land of the living, indeed, it was assured that no human agency could kill him. I was anxious to meet such an Achilles, provided there was no probability of his mistaking me for a jaybird and a subject for pistol practice. After considerable negotiation I found a certain Big Lupton, who thought that he could pass me in to Fort Dooley.

It was a rocky traveling. The Dooleys live at the base of what is known as Simm's Mountain, and about a mile or two from Doe Run. Big Lupton drove slowly, and was somewhat of the "evidently expecting some sort of challenge, or 'halt-and-give-the-counterfeiters' greeting. Finally it came:

"What d'ye want?"
"Hi there, this is Big!"

A lank and lean specimen of humanity appeared in front of us, with pistol holstered length of time. Finally he said: "Howdy."
This was the sum and substance of all I gathered from him. He guessed as he didn't know that he cared whether there were newspapers or not. His brothers, we learned, were not at home, but at his brother-in-law's, John Harris's house. The latter place was about five miles off, and thither Big directed the team. Berry's

brother, The Harrises, are tall men and have frequently vented in speech their hatred of the Dooleys. The latter are a silent type—some say that there is a strain of Indian blood in them—and have spoken little, merely "burrheadin'" now and then that it would be safer for the Harris boys to stay away from them. The Harrises sold the farm adjacent to the Dooleys, and some of the boys went to work near the Iron Mountain and Jim took a small farm near Elvins in the Flat River valley district.

In the summer of 1898 Charles Harris "died suddenly." A neighbor would be said to have been the cause. Whether there was any connection with the feud is a matter in regard to which both Harrises and Dooleys have remained silent.

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house was also situated off the highway. "Mid hills and woods. We missed the road and approached the place when it was almost dark. I was scared a little nervous. "I hope as they don't take us for the Sheriff," said he, and I agreed heartily.

Like "chilled," and a window went up. My companion's identity established, Berry came out. He is a large man, who preaches centrally if the crowd waste salvation, or plays the fiddle if the crowd wants to dance. He is a real estate agent and farmer.

Identified With Dooley.
Having married a Dooley, he is for the Dooleys. He goes armed, because he says that he must, as the Harrises have threatened him. None of the Dooley boys were there save Lee, and between him and Berry I was told that the Dooleys had been greatly maligned, that they were forced into the fight, and ordinarily were the most peaceable of men. Both Berry and Lee Dooley were talkative and polite, but advised me against meeting Bill Dooley.

"He ain't much for company," said they. I was convinced to forego the pleasure of his acquaintance.

At Elvins and Flat River, ten and twelve miles, respectively, from Doe Run, it was said that the whereabouts of all the Harrises are not known. Jim was near Elvins at last report. Their attorney is D. L. Rivers of Elvins. He said that unless some steps were taken for the arrest of Bill Dooley the Harrises in self-defense would have to go "hunting" for Dooley. It is a matter of conjecture as to Doe Run as to whether the Dooleys are not at this time hunting Harrises.

The trial of the Dooleys for their part in the fight of August 4, 1900, comes up at Farmington, the county seat of St. Francis County, on August 11. The Dooley boys are each under \$1000 bond. The nonappearance of Bill Dooley would render this bond forfeited, and in the event of his appearance he will, of course, be arrested for killing Bill Harris. The Harrises must be in Farmington at this trial, and it is a foregone conclusion that both sides will be armed. A conflict is feared in the course of the trial. There is intense interest as to what August 11 will bring forth at Farmington.

OYSTERMEN DREAD STAR FISH.

Methods Employed by Planters in Freeing Beds From Destroyers.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.
Freeport, L. I., July 19.—At this season of the year when oystermen have just completed planting their seed for next season's market much concern is manifested in relation to star fish, the dreaded enemy of the oystermen, and one which destroys millions of young bivalves every year. To persons unacquainted with the oyster industry the star fish is merely an object of odd looking sea denizen with its numerous "suckers" regarded with fear, for there is no living enemy of the oyster that is so destructive and ruinous.

Constant watching is necessary on the part of planters that the star fish do not get a foothold on the bed, particularly when the water is young, and it is the duty of them to throw it out as soon as they see it. The star fish is a voracious creature, and it is necessary to save the bivalves. Frequently the oystermen protect the beds from the ravages of the stars by planting a wide border of mussels about the beds, and the star fish are fond of mussels and will not pass over them to reach the oysters, but eat their way through. While thus engaged the oystermen get a chance to dredge them up before they reach the beds. In various sections of the Great South Bay and other parts of the Atlantic Coast a number of natural oyster beds have disappeared in the ravages of the starfish. Not only do oysters and mussels fall a prey to the starfish, but the starfish itself is a danger to the oysterman, for it is a voracious creature, and it is necessary to save the bivalves. 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